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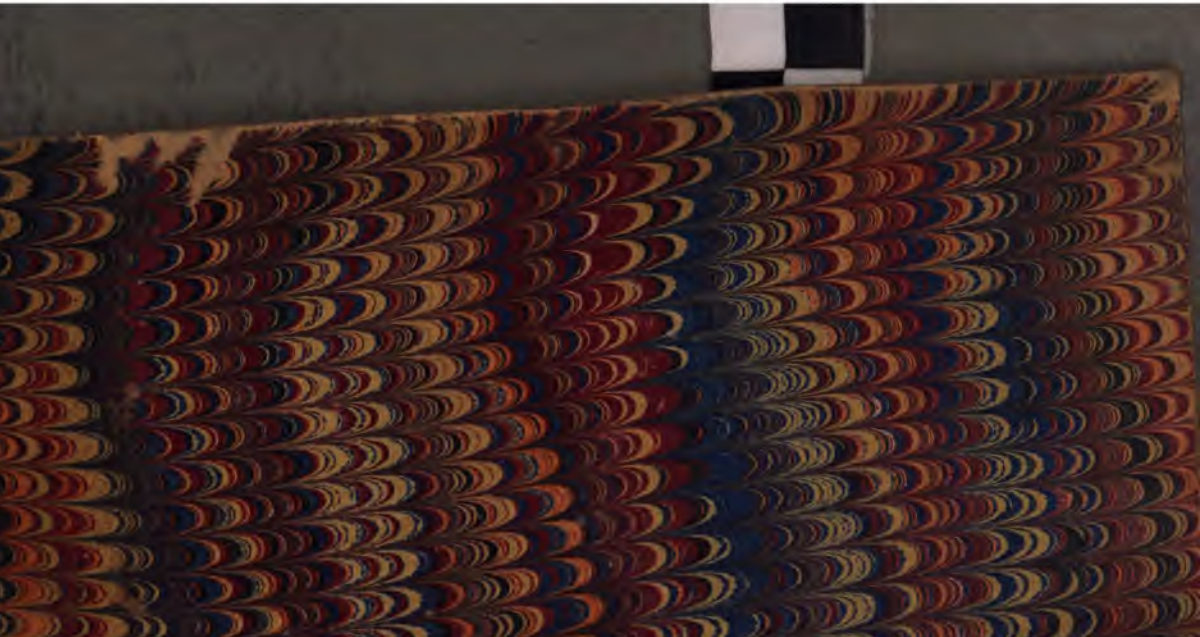

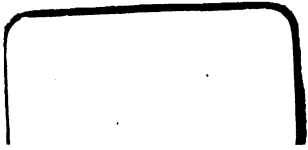

THE

DEMOS IN COUNCIL:

OR

Bijah in Pandemonium.

BEING A SWEEP OF THE LYRE,
In close Imitation of MILTON.

. . . . . They "breed
"Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
"Abominable, unutterable; and worse
"Than fables yet have feign'd."

by David [redacted] Esq

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THE

DEMOS IN COUNCIL, &c.

HIGH, in a room of legal ſtate, which far
Outvied the ſtrength of *Dedham*, or of *Tar*
Or e'en the *Concord*, which with heavy l[illegible]
Clanks on her ſlaves her barb'rous cha[illegible]s, and bars,
ELIJAH exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from deſpair,
Inſatiate to purſue vain war with laws
His proud imagination thus

"Cits, lawyers, doctors, brother Jacks all,
"For ſince this goal, within its walls, can hold
"Me but a month, tho' ſad, oppreſs'd and fall'n,
"I give not all for loſt. From this abode,
"Our gallic virtues burſting, will appear
"More glorious, and more dread, than from no fall,
"And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate.
"Me, tho' juſt right, and the ſole laws we own'd,
"Did firſt create your equal; next, free choice,
"Conſent unanimous, that I ſhould meet
"The force of bench and bar, me eminent
"Eſtabliſh, in a ſafe unenvied throne.

"Distinguish'd rank among the fed'ralists
"So dread, which follows dignity, might draw
"Envy from each inferior; but who here
"Will envy, whom the highest place exposes
"Foremost to star[illegible] your bulwark, and condemns
"To greatest shar[illegible] of constant pain?
———"W[illegible] there is no good
"For which [illegible]ive, no strife can come up there
"From factio[illegible] one now among you will claim
"Precedence, [illegible] whose portion is so small
"Of present [illegible]nat with ambit[illegible]ous mind
"Will covet: [illegible] With this a[illegible]tage then
"To union, a[illegible] [illegible] accord,
"More than can be [illegible]s, we now renew
Our custo[illegible] we [illegible] of opposition.
———"By what best way,
"Whether of open war, or covert guile,
"We now debate. Who can advise will speak."

Ben Austin He ended; next him HONEE, pen-ful wight,
Stood up; the lankest, yet the fiercest man
Of all the club, now fiercer by despair.
His trust was with the senate to be rank'd,
Uplift in power; but would be any thing,
Rather than not to be at all. Now all
Hope lost, he dauntless look'd. Juries, and bars,
Fines and imprisonments, pill'ries and ropes,
He reck'd not; and these words thereafter spake:

"My ſentence is for open war; of wiles
"More inexpert, I boaſt not; then let thoſe
"Contrive, who need, or when they need, not now.
"For while we ſit contriving, ſhall our friends,
"Myriads that ſtand in arms, and longing wait,
"The ſignal to come o'er, ſit ling'ring there
"Lean, hungry; and this land, their proffer'd place
"Inſtead of, hang on noble *Talleyrand*,
"Who finds it plaguy hard to get 'em rhino?
———"No let us rather chooſe,
"Arm'd with French flames, and fury, all at once
"O'er this fair land to force reſiſtleſs way.
———"Yet
"The way ſeems difficult, and ſteep to ſcale
"With all our force, and 'gainſt ſo ſtrong a foe.
"Bethink us firſt; if we again provoke
"Their veng'ance, ſome worſe way their wrath may find,
"To our abaſhment; if there be on earth
"Fear to be worſe abaſh'd. What can be worſe
"Than to dwell thus, driven out from men, condemn'd
"In this abhorred place to utter woe!
"To bear the grief of finger-pointing ſcorn,
"When e'er we meet an honeſt man! ah, theſe
"Are torturing times! dreadful penances!
———"More abaſh'd than thus,
"We ſhould be quite aboliſh'd, and expire.
"What fear we then? What doubt we to incenſe

"Their utmoſt ire, which to the height enrag'd,
"Will either quite deſtroy us, or condemn
"To ſwinging in a rope;—happier far
"Than miſerable, to have ſuch life as now.
"This once could comfort us, by proof we knew
"Our pow'r ſufficient to diſturb their quiet;
"And with perpetual falſehoods to infeſt,
"(Tho' ſtrong, impregnable,) their guarded rights,
"Which if not victory, was ſome ſucceſs."

He ended frowning; and his look denounc'd
Deſp'rate revenge, and battle dangerous,
To leſs than gods. On the other ſide uproſe
JUNIUS, in act more graceful, and humane.
A fairer intellect, more active mind,
Warp'd not from truth and government;
——————— For his tongue
Dropt manna, and could *ſometimes* make the worſe
Appear the better reaſon. He pleas'd the ear,
And with perſuaſive accent, thus began:
"I ſhould be much for open war, my friends,
"As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd
"Main reaſon to purſuade immediate war,
"Did not diſſuade me moſt, and ſeem to caſt
"Ominous conjecture on the whole ſucceſs.
"Th' eſtabliſh'd tow'rs of government are fill'd
"With men, whoſe watchful zeal defies acceſs.
———"But could we break our way by force,

"And at our heels, our Sans Culottes could come
"With blackeſt inſurrection to confound
"The light we war againſt, yet our enemies
"Could cut us down, like rotten trees before
"The whirlwind's ſweep. So repuls'd, our final hope
"Were flat deſpair. We ſhould exaſperate
"Theſe pow'rful victors to ſpend all their rage,
"Which ſoon wou'd end us, and wou'd fix our doom
"To be no more! Sad doom! For who would loſe
"Though full of pain, connection with this world?
"War, therefore, open or concealed, alike
"My voice diſſuades, for what can force or guile
"With thoſe, or who deceive their minds, whoſe eyes
"Will watch us ſharp? They, who hence forth will know
"Our ev'ry motion, know them and deride,
"Not more ſuperior to reſiſt our might,
"Than wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots, and wiles.

——"Such ſuffering as we have
"Let's learn to bear. This were at once reſolv'd,
"If we were wiſe againſt ſo great a foe,
"Seeing to certain what muſt fall.

——"Nor can I think our fate exceſs
"Of grief; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,
"Our ſupreme foes, in time, may much remit
"Their anger, and perhaps, ſoft'ned by pity,
"Not mind us, not offending; ſatisfied

"With what is puniſh'd.
"Our horrors will grow mild, our darkneſs light.

——————"Our preſent lot appears
"Paſſable, though but ill, tho' ill not worſt,
"If we provoke not to ourſelves more woe."

Thus *Junius* with words cloath'd in reaſon's garb,
Counſel'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloth,
Not peace; and after him thus TUMMAS ſpoke.

"Either to o'erturn the government, ſo dread,
"We war, if war we beſt, or to regain
"Our own rank loſt. The firſt effect we then
"May hope, when everlaſting right ſhall yield
"To fickle chance, and Anarch judge the ſtrife.
"The former vain to hope, argues as vain
"The latter;—for what place can be for us,
"Within the bounds of legal government?
"Suppoſe our conquerors relent,
"And publiſh grace to all, on promiſe made
"Of our ſubjection. With what eyes could we
"Stand in their preſence, humbled, and receive
"Strict laws impos'd, and celebrate their pow'r
"With warbled ſongs, and their great names to raiſe
"In ſounding choruſſes, gods! who can bear!
"Yet this muſt be our taſk, this our employ
"How wearifome, our heavy days to ſpend,
"In praiſes paid, to whom we e'er muſt hate.

"Let us not then purſue, but rather ſeek
"Our own good from ourſelves, and from our own
"Live to ourſelves; or elſe go o'er to *France*.
"And ſince one common ſorrow whelms us all,
"Let's hang together, (not as we may hang
"If we perſiſt) to aid, ſupport, and cheer.
"Tis true thoſe bounteous ſtreams, which warm'd our
"Inmoſt ſouls from tranſatlantic founts, will
"Ceaſe to flow; already ſluggiſh in their courſe;
"For truſt me, friends, although ſore parch'd with thirſt,
"No copious draught theſe lips has paſs'd of late.
"And much I doubt me, that friend *Tallyrand*,
"Is deep diſheart'ned. Reſiſtleſs deſtiny,
"And fate unchangeable impel, that we
"Reſt on ourſelves. And though we ne'er can hope,
"As heretofore, to quaff from ſparkling bowls;
"To feaſt on turkies, butter'd turnips, chops,
"Ah! me delicious! which ſo kindly ſwam,
"In ſtingo, whiſky, and mix'd oppoſites,
"Yet ſurely we ſhan't ſtarve; for who ſo poor,
"So thin, emaciate, and fall'n, as not
"T' atchieve ſucceſs, in chaff'ring at declining
"Day, for fiſh, or fleſh, or ſtall-worn fowl?
"Our torments, alſo, may in length of time
"Become our elements. Their peircing ſcorn
"As ſoft as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
"Into its temper; which muſt needs remove,
"The ſenſible of pain. All things invite

"To peaceful counſels, and a ſettled ſtate
"Of order, how in ſafety beſt we may
"Compoſe our preſent evils, with regard
"Of what we are and where, diſmiſſing quite
"All thoughts of war. Ye have what I adviſe."

——————— He finiſh'd;
Which when DEMOCRITUS perceiv'd, than whom,
'Bijah except, none higher ſat, with grave
Aſpect he roſe; and in his riſing ſeem'd
A pill'r of ſtate. Deep on his front engraven
Deliberation ſat and public care.
——————————— Sage he ſtood
With atlantean ſhoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt republics; his look
Drew audience, and attention, ſtill as night,
Or ſummer's noon tide air, while thus he ſpake:

"Why ſit we here projecting peace and war,
"War has determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs
"Irreparable.—Terms of peace, yet none
"Vouchſaf'd, or ſought; for what peace will be giv'n
"To us, thus fall'n, but cuſtody ſevere,
"And ſtripes and varied puniſhment
"Inflicted? And what peace can we return,
"But to our utmoſt, hate, hoſtility,
"Untam'd reluctance, and revenge, though ſlow
"Yet ever plotting, how the Fed's may leaſt
"Enjoy their conqueſt, and may leaſt rejoice
"In doing, what we moſt in ſuff'ring feel.

——————"As we ſhan't dare
"T' attack outright, the government again,
"What if we find ſome eaſier enterpriſe?
"Suppoſe when '*Bijah's* month ſhall have elaps'd,
"And he again have pow'r to ſtretch his limbs,
"Snuffing the morning breeze, we on that day,
"Prepare, great entertainment, and parade
"Our hoſts of viſage multiform, colors
"Uncounted, and with loud acclaim upbear
"This victim, on our willing ſhoulders through
"The ſtreets, with bands of muſic, and with vocal
"Strains, him celebrate, and us before our
"Several doors; and tell our adverſaries,
"By ſuch deeds, that we can ſing, and feaſt, and
"Joy as well as they. This [not indictable]
"May vex 'em ſore. What ſay ye worthies?"

He ſcarce had finiſhed, when ſuch noiſing fill'd
The aſſembly, as when herds of hungry ſwine,
Which all night long had mourn'd 'em ſuperleſs
And ſcant of ſtraw, ſee with Aurora's beams
The loaded hands, which bring their cuſtom'd food;
And chuckle ſounds of joy, and grunt delight.

Now morn her roſy ſteps, in th' Eaſtern clime,
Advancing ſow'd the earth with Orient pearl,
When 'BIJAH wak'd; moſt happy! day long hop'd!
Which him exalted, and him bore triumphant;
Hail'd of all great martyr! priſ'ner elect!

Now *Hartſborn* from his ſide the fatal key,
[Sad inſtrument of 'BIJAH's woe] he took,
Then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every bolt, and bar,
Of maſſy iron wedged to ſolid rock, with eaſe
Unfaſtens—On a ſudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil, and jaring ſound,
The priſon doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder! Ah! ſweet ſound to 'BIJAH!
And now aſſembled round the priſon gates, his friends
Were found in mobiſh-wiſe, waiting his coming forth.
High in the midſt, exalted as a god,
The priſ'ner on their honor'd ſhoulders ſat,
(Idol of *French* magnificence!) inclos'd
By HONEE, JUNIUS, TUMMAS and MOZARD,
And a dark multitude, innominous,
Who champ the bit, and move with bidden pace.
With choſen bands, and ſweeteſt inſtruments,
Which load the air with ſounds harmonious,
And vocal ſtrains, that charm to raviſhment,
Onward they move, an Eaſtern courſe, to where
NIFFEY, in gorgeous ſtile, proffers his drugs.
Here reſting, they with happieſt ſymphonies
Him celebrate, with notes angelical
Mingling from golden harps:

"When he was a younker he firſt was apprentic'd,
Unto a gay barber, ſo dapper and airy,
He next was a weather-cock—and then turn'd a patriot,
Then a writer, good Lord! then an apothecary.

But for this trade or that,
They all come as pat,
As they can ;
For bliſt'ring, or tooth-drawing,
Voting, writing, or for jawing,
Niffey N**** is your man."

Then tow'rd the North they turn their meaſur'd ſteps
To where Mundungus, alias Tummas, dwells ;
Him too they celebrate.
"He was a lawyer juſt,
A man of worthy truſt,
Be the cauſe what it might, he could learnedly plead.
He knew black from white,
Yet prefer'd wrong to right,
As he chanc'd to be feed.
He forſook the law courts,
Burnt his muſty reports,
To plot and contrive with *Genet* ;
He burnt *Salkield* and *Ventris*,
And Mr. *Coke's* entries,
And thought he could live on French pay."

Then tow'rd the Weſt they bend their wonted way,
To where poor Honee nightly pours his plaints ;
And with ſoft harpings, ſuch as win the ſoul,
When griefs weigh heavy, to his griefs they ſing.
"Hard ! hard ! is his fate, oh ! how galling his chain !
His life's ſteer'd by miſery's chart ;
And tho' of his fortune he ſcorns to complain,
Tears guſh forth to eaſe his poor heart,

He disdains e'en to shrink, tho' he feels sharp the lash,
And his conscience is fretful and sore;
While their jeers, and their jibes, they so tauntingly dash,
He sighs! and could lay down and roar."

This sung, they wind around the trophied mount,
To fields of verdure, and him celebrate,
Who erst the ferule, now the balance holds.
John Vinal Esq. "Here dwells great Doctor Vinal
Who richly doth combine all,
That's honest, good, and wise;
Then how lovely in each feature,
Dimpling, smiling, melting creature,
With his sweet bewitching eyes.
He forsook our gallic factions,
And betook him to his actions,
Holding traffic with the wretched, and the vile;
Now he finds it mighty easy,
With his constables so squeezy,
To live in what one calls, a very goodly stile."
Now where the nymph, who lives in air unseen,
Wakens responses from the listening groves,
And wafts them mellowing to the distant plains,
They sweep the lyre to Junius.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
Poor Junius forsaken was laid;
And while the false French were his theme,
La Chronique supported his head.

The wind that blew over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply,
And the brook in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by."

"Alas! ſilly dog that I was!"
(Thus ſadly complaining, he cried,)
"Before I believ'd what they ſaid,
"'Twere better by far I had died.
"They talk'd, and I bleſs'd their dear tongues;
"When they ſmil'd, it was pleaſure too great;
"They ſwore they would greaſe well my palm,
"But alas! it was all a damn'd cheat."

Caught by theſe ſounds, which ſweetned as they went,
Swift from the ſouth, Hill from the weſt, arrive,
Panting for breath; theſe from afar eſpied
They raiſe a ſhout, and welcome them in ſong.

"How do you do good Doctor Hill,
How does friend Browny do?
Ay, and Jem Thrupp too?
Why did not they come with you,
Good Doctor Hill.
How do you do ſtaunch Mr. Swift?
How does Gov'nor Hill do?
And big Doctor Dunce too?
Why did not they come with you,
Stannch Mr. Swift?

Next ſwell their ſtrains with great Democritus:
In airy dreams his fancy flies,
His former fame to view,

And with the early dawn he'll rise,
Past scenes! to muse on you!
How once he charm'd the listening throng,
With eloquence divine!
As when one sings a pleasant song,
O'er mirth inspiring wine.
But now his days drag heavily;
The pip has seiz'd his friends;
They catch their breath, and wheezing, seem
To dread untimely ends.
To keep their courage up a while,
He struts, and sometimes crows;
But many a garf has cut-him [illegible]
As every movement shows."

Thus sung the vanquish'd; thus they sooth'd their woes.
Or hymn'd their praise, in notes mellifluous;
When lo! the *Sheriff*, and his trusty *aids*,
Burst on their view! bringing dismay, and fright!
The trembling 'Bijah, from his trophi'd throne.
Skipt, like a tailor from his board, and scud!
Then quick as perfumes scatter'd in the air
Escape the sense, th' assembly fled from sight.
But where they feasted, where their strains renew'd,
No verse recounteth, and no muse inspires.

cætera desunt

FINIS.

Finis opus coronat.
Signed, sealed, & delivered in
presence of Jotham Tomahawk &